THE
NATION

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DOWN from the SUMMIT

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Health Insurance for the Aged

WHICH BILL IS BEST?

Leo J. Linder

DIALOGUES IN CUBA

Barbara Deming

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LETTERS

'Report from the South'

Dear Sirs: I have almost nothing but admiration for Dan Wakefield's "Report from the South: Eye of the Storm" in your May 7 issue. . . . Permit me to underscore one of his comments, and to criticize (slightly) two others.

In pointing out that Montgomery, "the cradle of the Confederacy," was also the cradle of the non-violent movement against segregation—the bus boycott—Mr. Wakefield suggests, but does not point up, the paradox: that there is some direct relation between the degree of the pressure of segregation and the degree of resistance to it. It is true, the sit-in demonstrations began in North Carolina, a comparatively liberal state; but, what I for one would never have expected, they have spread rapidly through the hard-core state of South Carolina and indeed across the South. I'm still inclined to see the Deep South states as the last to accept the new day, but I'm not as sure as I was about this. . . . The demonstrations have made me more deeply aware that perhaps the main force making for desegregation is the will of the Negroes themselves; and there are a lot of Negroes in the Deep South.

In one sense Mr. Wakefield is probably right in suggesting that these resistance movements—he was actually referring to the Montgomery bus boycott—do not create among the whites respect for Negroes, but rather distrust and hatred. I should limit this by saying "among some whites"; and I should also point out that respect may increase even along with distrust and hatred. Perhaps not respect for the total person, but respect for the man as a fighter, as one whose existence has to be taken into account. . . . In addition, there are many whites in the South—though I'll admit they aren't saying much—who are proud that the Negroes are rising to the occasion. . . .

Finally, I think Mr. Wakefield isn't quite fair in dismissing the "love"—to call it that—between whites and Negroes as being honest only so long as the Negro remains "in his place." I'm not prepared to write off the interracial relationships of the South as entirely false or bad. I'm not so much maintaining that whites like Negroes and Negroes whites as I am that both are basically alike, and that in the South people are inclined to like people. It's the possession of a deep common knowledge of each other that tends to cause Southern whites and Negroes studying in Northern colleges to become acquaintances and even friends. In spite of the divisiveness of segregation, we know one another better (and think better of one another) than we usually think.

I realize that this is a wide-open field for sentimentality, and that I as a Southerner am an expert sentimentalist; but I also feel that in this vague and shadowy region are solid truths the South might build upon.

JAMES MCBRIDE DABBS

Mayesville, S. C.

[*Mr. Dabbs, a South Carolinian, is the author of* The Southern Heritage. *Under the title, "Dime Stores and Dignity," he commented upon the Southern "sit-ins" in* The Nation *of April 2*—ED.]

Broader Horizons

Dear Sirs: I guess one of the most important parts of growing up is an increasing recognition of events . . . beyond one's immediate environment. Until now, my quest for knowledge of current events has been satisfied by the local paper, radio and a cursory glance at the Sunday *Times*. The May 7 issue of *The Nation* was the first I've read. I found that it wasn't trying to "sell" anyone or anything, but gave a concise and refreshing view of the news—the way I would like to be able to write it.

Dan Wakefield's article was very enlightening, and I have distributed some extra copies to friends at school.

RICHARD BERNSTEIN
Eastchester High School

Scarsdale, N. Y.

Invitation to a Walk

Dear Sirs: I have organized myself into a Committee of One to conduct a March for Nuclear Disarmament similar to that held recently in England. I propose to march from Einstein's home in Princeton, New Jersey, to New York City, approximately fifty-three miles. The march is to take place on the anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing in August.

Anyone caring to join me please write, as arrangements must be made for overnight accommodations along the way. My address is 4 Johnson Place, Ardsley, N. Y.

HERBERT SEMMEL

Bitter Harvest

Dear Sirs: In your May 14 issue, you ran a brief letter by me telling of the fight against discrimination which some students at Kentucky State College are waging. I have since been expelled for my activities. If my expulsion from college will pave the road to equality for my fellow Negroes, I can truly say that my labors will not have been in vain.

Meanwhile, I'm trying to raise money to appeal my expulsion to the state Board of Regents. I will be grateful for assistance from your readers. I am now living at 548 Georgia Ave., N.E., Roanoke 12, Va.

EDWARD B. KING, JR.

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The Nation, May 28, 1960. Vol. 190. No. 22

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

And Now What?

Now that Khrushchev is back in Moscow and the President returned to Washington, perhaps both men will take stock of the tragedy that has engulfed them and us. And make no mistake about it: the break-up of the Paris conference was more than a failure — it was a tragedy. On May 1 an "incident" took place that neither man had anticipated would take place at that precise time or in that particular manner. The rapidly spiraling consequences wrecked, in a single day, two years of arduous effort. In itself, failure of the Summit conference need not have been tragic; had the meeting adjourned after a week or so of palaver without agreement, but with "progress" noted and a new date set, it would have been a disappointing development, yet not unexpected and certainly not tragic.

Now there is personal tragedy for both men, as well as a grave outlook for the world. Once the fateful "incident" was known, Khrushchev tried to leave the President an "out," but Mr. Eisenhower could not take it. What the President then did exposed the Soviet leader in a way that, from the Russian point of view, could justly be regarded as indefensible. Even Khrushchev's harshest critics concede this. So instead of coming to Paris determined to salvage something from the conference, Khrushchev came determined to wreck it, and he succeeded.

Now what? The immediate effect of the Summit debacle, under these circumstances, is to encourage the worst elements in both countries. And let's face it: they are legion here and, one may assume, in the Soviet Union as well. Several surveys — notably those taken by *The Wall Street Journal* and by Samuel Lubell — indicate that most Americans not merely tolerate but approve a "tough line" policy. This majority was large enough here before the Summit conference was reduced to a shambles. It is now much larger and even, perhaps, more obdurate. It is not a pugnacious majority; it does not want war. But through default in political leadership and as a consequence of insistent indoctrination, it has succumbed to the "get tough" fallacy which is the demagogue's favorite solution to all difficult social and political problems. How to deal with juvenile delinquency? Crack down. Use the nightstick. Resort to flogging. What to do about drug addiction? Don't treat the addict; punish him. And so, too, with the problems of how to get along with the leaders of the Soviet Union.

Popular reaction to the Summit debacle shows all too clearly that it is only a minority — as one might expect — that has thought through the implications of the terrifying predicament which, in Adlai Stevenson's phrase, finds Russia and this country "like two men in a dark room, each armed and feeling for the other," with neither daring to put his weapon down for fear the other will not. In the long run, this minority view could be expected to penetrate the visceral elements, but it has not yet penetrated these elements widely or deeply, as the current surveys show. Now, with the Summit conference wreckage all about us, it will be doubly difficult to get the majority to re-examine the "get tough" premise upon which it relies. Yet it is not an impossible task. Surveys can be deceptive; they can be misinterpreted. We are a free people, says Walter Lippmann, and one of the advantages of a free society is that it provides a way to deal with error and correct mistakes, i.e., "to investigate, to criticize, to debate, and then to demonstrate to the people and to the world that the lessons of the fiasco have been learned and will be applied."

The rejoicing now audible among the cave-dwellers — the idiot's chorus chanting "We told you so," "You can't negotiate," "The Soviet air defenses are a sieve," "Isn't it wonderful that we know so much about Soviet installations?" etc., — will not last long. There will be second thoughts, then third ones. But if, as Lippmann goes on to say, we rally around the President, it will prove to the world that the blunders will not be corrected and that "our people are satisfied with bad government" — bad government, wretched management and incompetent leadership. It is therefore — as it has

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always been and will ever be — up to the thoughtful minority, which never divides on party lines, to demand the type of leadership from both parties that alone can bring out the mistakes and correct the errors. But if the cave-dwellers prevail in both parties, if the election turns out to be a competition in toughness — in who can be most beastly with the Russians — the Summit wreckage will be irreparable. There are some competitions in which it is folly to engage — and one of them is a competition in toughness in an age of nuclear weapons.

Hot Tip

The CIA, though somewhat downgraded in secrecy, went up in the estimation of Wall Street during the past week and, should it issue stock, it would have no difficulty in getting a listing on the Big Board, where it would rival the electronic and missiles issues in volatility. From a bureaucratic standpoint, CIA was always a fascinating stock. Consider these features: its appropriations were practically unlimited and disclosed only to a few Congressmen and these sworn to secrecy; what it did was not revealed to anyone (Allen Dulles couldn't know it all and the President demonstrated that he knew practically nothing) and therefore the agency was not subject to review or criticism; and it was getting an enormous new building in which a bureaucrat could take his ease in luxurious surroundings. But then the Russians, using, according to their account, a major as a computer, brought down the U-2. CIA stock, as and when issued, plummeted. The bears pointed out that it had always been a risky stock: so little was known about it. The name of Allen Dulles became a hissing and a byword; his job hung by a thread. But if there was any smart money around, this was precisely the time to buy, for Khrushchev, all unknowing, came to the rescue. When he insulted the President, the CIA was made. Its stock zoomed. Within a few days one could make millions on an investment of $500. Espionage flared into a growth stock which would make Texas Instruments look like a snail. The

The U.N.'s 'Other' Perspective . . *by Mario Rossi*

United Nations, May 20

Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold placed the collapse of the Summit in its proper perspective when he said that "the problems which would have been taken up in Paris remain with us and require as much of our honest efforts as ever." Nevertheless, the atmosphere in which these problems will now be debated at the United Nations has changed dramatically. The smaller countries, which represent the great majority of the U.N., are less interested in the problems as such than in solutions which are likely to be acceptable to both the United States and the Soviet Union. Only an agreement between the two super-powers can dispel the nightmare of total annihilation and focus world attention on the needs and problems of the underdeveloped countries.

It little matters, in the opinion of a majority of U.N. members, whether an American plan or a Soviet plan is good or bad. The only test of validity is: "Will the other side accept it?"

It is against this background that the world body is approaching a debate before the Security Council, and later undoubtedly before the General Assembly, which may recall the worst days of the cold war. And it may be in vain that the United States and the Soviet Union will bring accusations against each other, because the majority here does not judge problems by the same "ideological" standards as do Washington and the Kremlin. The underdeveloped countries are interested in disarmament, because it can release the funds necessary for their economic development. But disarmament is predicated upon a measure of U.S.-Soviet understanding, and any departure from a climate of understanding is blamed more or less equally on the two sides. When the virulence of charges and counter-charges before the Security Council will have run its course, and the smaller nations get their chance to speak before the General Assembly, this "other" perspective may dominate the debates.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Hammarskjold has stressed, it is necessary and urgent to bring the temperature down in order to reduce the ever-present risk of war by accident. "The more constructive work in the long run," he said, "is that which aims at creating a situation in which even occasional sparks do not lead to a fire." The world organization provides the framework for constructive diplomatic efforts—"for public diplomacy and for conference diplomacy on any level which governments may desire." The Secretary General added another important consideration: "There is in such non-publicized diplomacy within the U.N. an additional element of value: the mediating influence of the participation of all those who are vitally interested in peace, while free from an immediate involvement in the issues at stake in terms of prestige or national interest."

MARIO ROSSI is a U.N. correspondent for several newspapers here and abroad.

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dope in the bureaucratic marts of Washington is that nothing can stop CIA — the sky is the limit. Allen Dulles, its patient, self-sacrificing head, could be elected President if he cared to run. It is indeed a romantic story of the bureaucratic financial marts, and everybody must be looking for similar situations which, in the dark purlieus of modern government, may well exist.

The Best and the Worst

During its recent hearings in San Francisco, the Un-American Activities Committee scored an impressive headline victory over the pre-Summit news. "Police, Crowd Battle Outside Red Hearing; 12 Hurt, 52 Arrested," the screamers read, "400 Cops Fight Mob Storming City Hall," "Clubs, Fire Hoses Used on Youths," "Cops Use Clubs, Hoses in Wild Melee." Most of the demonstraters were young men and women from neighboring college campuses (who said this generation of students is apathetic?) who wanted to get into the hearing room mostly because they wanted the committee to get out — permanently. The ensuing bedlam led Richard Arens, committee staff director, and others to repeat a weary charge: "They're a bunch of Commies." If they were, then so are the Episcopal Diocese of California, the First Unitarian Church of San Jose, Rep. James Roosevelt, Assemblymen John O'Connell and Philip Burton of San Francisco, the Berkeley YWCA, 400 leading citizens of Palo Alto (site of Stanford University), the San Francisco Society of Friends, several hundred members of the faculties of the University of California, San Francisco State College and San Jose State College, the San Francisco Central Labor Council (AFL-CIO), etc, etc. — all of which are on record as protesting the committee's hearings or demanding its permanent abolition.

True, many who share the students' contempt for the committee subsequently denounced, with some justification, the youngsters' unruly method of showing that contempt. But it is an old story that the Committee on Un-American Activities brings out the worst in people, as well as the best. On the witness chair, the friendly neighbor turns informer; and the civil libertarian, prodded beyond endurance by his inquisitors' tactics, often is transformed into a ranting maniac who hurts his own cause. And the effect on the community is the same: citizen turns upon citizen; civic groups, normally united in constructive programs, are split down the middle; the press spews venom. Inevitably, the world is treated to the enlightening spectacle of a couple of hundred students, sitting with arms locked against the jets from fire hoses, singing, cheering and howling while police clubs fly and water runs three inches deep over the marble floors of San Francisco's City Hall.

For what purpose? San Francisco provided a dramatic test. Had the committee sincerely sought to carry out its sole Constitutional prerogative, i.e., to conduct inquiries for the purpose of improving legislation, it could have held the hearings in executive session. There could then have been no complaints of packed audiences, no noisy demonstrations inside the hearing room, and no clubs, no fire hoses, no bedlam outside. But there also would have been no headlines. The paradox is that in its publicity hunger, the committee is driving inexorably for the one headline it doesn't want — the one announcing its own demise.

Hot Front in the Cold War

A small blessing, which will probably not be widely utilized, may result from the U-2 incident and its additional amplification by Khrushchev's convulsions in Paris. The American people — those of them who look beyond the supermarket and the TV show — can now examine a king-size journalistic package on modern intelligence techniques. However heavily loaded this material is with tribal self-righteousness and melodrama, it also contains information which concerns today's taxpayer, who may be tomorrow's nuclear casualty. According to *U.S. News & World Report,* which knows all and now deems itself free to tell more of it than it used to, the United States alone employs more than 100,000 people in military intelligence and spends $2.5 billion a year. There is much more of the same in this and other media of the mass-produced inside-dopester, but perhaps the most thought-provoking story is in the May 23 *Time*, which pictures Francis Powers, the man of the week, taking off from the U.S. Air Force base at Adana, Turkey, on April 27 for Peshawar, Pakistan. There *Time* pictures him as fidgeting nervously, waiting for the right combination of winds aloft that would boost him along his 3,5000-mile route to Norway, minimal cloud cover, and so little moisture in the upper air that the U-2 would not leave contrails. Five days of this, and he took off. But on the operational details of this crucial decision *Time* is silent, either not knowing, or not able to let the masses in on the secret. *Time* does remark that "the demands of diplomacy scarcely figured in the delay," and this we may well believe. We may conjecture, also, on the closeness, or lack of closeness, of Powers' contact with anyone who knew or cared about the diplomatic situation at that juncture. It is perfectly conceivable that some sort of agreement could have been on the way at the Summit conference, and Powers, or one of his thousands of confreres, might have wrecked matters by getting shot down over the Soviet Union while the talks were in progress. Or later. The right hand knoweth not what the left hand doeth; CIA and Air Force are a law unto themselves, and let the Herters fall where they may. And it may be a lieutenant who brings Herter down.

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DEBACLE IN PARIS . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, May 20

NOW that it's all over, it is still hard to believe that it happened. I have before me a copy of Khrushchev's book, *Peace and Friendship*, lyrically describing the author's visit to the United States, whereof 600,000 copies were sold in the Soviet Union in the course of a single day only a few months ago. I remember the immense enthusiasm Khrushchev's visit aroused in Moscow and the delight with which Moscow audiences watched films showing the cordial Khrushchev-Eisenhower meetings.

At the time, these tête-à-têtes seemed like the crowning achievement of the Soviet peace policy. The cold war seemed over. The spirit of Camp David was expected to mark future international relations. True, Khrushchev was fond of stressing that the Americans would never have been so accommodating had they not been aware of the tremendous technical advances in military strength made by the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, he seemed certain that the days of "brinkmanship," the "positions-of-strength" policy, were over and that President Eisenhower was genuinely opposed to a return to the cold war.

Khrushchev had been campaigning for a Summit for a whole year. The U-2 incident might not have proved fatal, but the subsequent Eisenhower-Herter utterances that the overflight had been part of routine American policy which the United States intended to pursue, made it impossible to regard it any longer as a relatively harmless, isolated incident. The development produced a tremendous crescendo in the anti-American campaign of the Soviet press, which castigated American "banditry" and the "incredible cynicism whereby international law is violated." Walter Lippmann's severe condemnation of the Eisenhower-Herter line was quoted extensively not only in Britain and France, but also in Russia.

According to all international standards the United States was wrong, and this fact is fully realized in Western Europe. Today the French radio, attempting to explain the failure of the conference and yet determined to maintain Western solidarity, says that the United States in only 20 per cent to blame, while the Soviet Union is 80 per cent. Actually, a majority of French and British opinion believes that the reverse proportion is the truer one.

What has been the Russian reaction to the Paris development? It has been one of extreme bitterness, with Khrushchev complaining that Eisenhower wrecked a policy which was humanity's hope. Why didn't Eisenhower repudiate the spy-plane's organizers? Khrushchev, it is argued by his entourage, deliberately gave the President the benefit of the doubt and an opportunity to reduce the incident to a minimum. Even after Khrushchev arrived in Paris, he waited two days for a favorable move from the head of the American state, but nothing happened. The Soviet leader concluded that since the President is "helpless" in the hands of "war mongers," it is useless to negotiate with him.

THERE ARE, I think, several relevant points which should be made. First, the Soviet leader appears to be personally outraged by the wrecking of his step-by-step peace policy. At the same time, the U-2 incident has now been magnified in the Soviet Union into a symbol of a constant threat that one day "a mad American pilot" might bomb Moscow by "accident." The genuine alarm that has been worked up in the Soviet Union goes together with a constant reminder that the Russian military can smash any invader.

It is significant that while Khrushchev was in Paris he was accompanied constantly by Malinovsky who, it is rumored here, supports a tougher foreign policy aimed particularly at the liquidation of the American bases which ring the Soviet Union. Khrushchev's explicit threats concerning these bases have been interpreted here as meaning that any further air incidents would probably result in Soviet ultimatums.

The fundamental question is whether Khrushchev today is really the master of Soviet policy. Here we are in the realm of speculation, but a number of significant facts emerge. Recently, Nehru told President de Gaulle that Khrushchev's position was weakening inside the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, where his "soft" attitude toward the West was considered fruitless. The spy-plane incident served to confirm the Central Committee's judgment. Moreover, the opposition to Khrushchev argues that the Soviet Union is today in a favorable position to give active support to the revolutionary movements of the underdeveloped countries — and that it would be better to do this than to act the part of the rich uncle.

Another theory widely advanced here is that China was hostile to Khrushchev's pro-West policy from the beginning, and was particularly opposed to the Summit. In this connection, some experts here argue that the postponement of the Big Four talks might be a good thing: perhaps, they theorize, the next American administration will be disposed to recognize China, in which case the Big Four Summit would be transformed into a much more satisfactory Big Five.

Khrushchev himself, even while he was pursuing his pro-West policy, never quite abandoned an alternative one. His entourage recalled how during his recent visit to Indonesia, he pointed out that there were powers bigger than France and England and that the time might come when the Summit would present itself in a different light.

The question now is whether Khrushchev will maintain the uneasy *status quo* until after the American elections — provided, of course, there are no further Western provocations — or resort to unilateral actions in Germany and elsewhere,

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notably Turkey. American bases seem to be a more urgent problem, in Khrushchev's view, than Berlin, whereon the Soviet leader was fairly reassuring (as he was also in continuation of the Geneva nuclear-test-ban talks). In general, one gets the impression that the Russians are hoping that Britain and France will restrain American provocations. Khrushchev is obviously reluctant to abandon his peace policy, but he seems prepared to adopt a much tougher one if the United States persists in the flights.

Reports from Moscow show that the Soviet public is both angry and extremely nervous. The memory of the horrors of the last war are still fresh in the minds of the Russians. Nevertheless, there are elements of the Soviet people, and particularly of the Soviet leadership, which favor a "limited showdown" with the West.

HEALTH INSURANCE FOR THE AGED

WHICH BILL IS BEST? . . *by Leo J. Linder*

NOT IN YEARS has Congress been subjected to so much pressure as is being currently applied for and against health insurance for the aged. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that "tons of mail" have been received by Congressmen. The AFL-CIO and organizations of the aged on one side, and the American Medical Association and private insurance companies on the other, are in direct conflict on the issue.

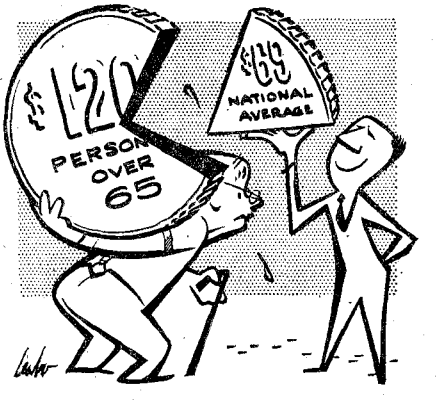
The pressure arises from the failure of our social security arrangements to furnish adequate health care for the people who need it most —the people over sixty-five. These older people use about two and a half times as much hospital care as persons under sixty-five. Even aside from hospitalization, the average elderly couple spends about $200 a year on health costs; one out of every six pays more than $800 a year in medical bills.

The aged, moreover, have less money to meet their greater need. Almost two-thirds of the 16 million Americans over sixty-five have money incomes of less than $20 per week (including social security income). Old-age insurance beneficiaries, receiving an average of $72 a month, are in no position to meet big health costs. The result is that millions of our aged either do without medical care, despite their need, or "go broke" paying health bills.

Private health insurance doesn't meet the problem. Most insurance companies simply will not insure persons sixty-five or over; those that do charge premiums of $7 to $10 monthly, which most older persons cannot afford. So more than half of the aged have no private insurance coverage at all, and those who do have limited protection.

TO DEAL with this problem, there are now four different measures before Congress. They break down into two different basic approaches.

On the one hand, there is the Forand Bill (the storm center of the current debate), and a new bill introduced by Senator McNamara (D., Mich.) with the joint sponsorship of fifteen other Democrats. Both these bills would operate within the present social security system. On the other hand, there are the Administration's "Medicare Program for the Aged" and another, essentially similar, proposal offered by Senator Javits with the co-sponsorship of seven other Republican Senators. The Administration and the Javits bills would by-pass the social security system and provide federal grants for state programs to subsidize private health insurance.



Medical Expenses: 1958

LET'S take a closer look at these measures.

The Forand Bill would give all who qualify for monthly benefits under the OASI (Old Age Survivors' Insurance) provisions of the Social Security Act additional benefits to cover the cost of up to sixty days of hospitalization and up to 120 days of nursing-home care, plus certain surgical benefits. It would cover not only the 11 million persons sixty-five or over who are now receiving OASI benefits, but also the 2 million under sixty-five who receive these benefits as survivors and dependents. The Forand Bill would not, however, cover the 5 million aged persons who are now excluded from OASI.

The McNamara Bill would exclude under-age (i.e., under sixty-five) OASI beneficiaries, but cover not only the OASI-covered aged but also the aged who are not so covered, provided they earn less than $2,000 annually. It would pay for the first ninety instead of sixty days of hospitalization, 180 (instead of 120) days of nursing-home care, substitute for surgical benefits home health and diagnostic out-patient services, and pay for "very expensive drugs."

On the whole, McNamara's proposal is better than Forand's in coverage and benefits. It would be unfair, however, not to see that this is the child sitting on its father's

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shoulders. Rep. Forand deserves the credit for the initial push.

The bills are alike in that they both build on the present efficient social security system, whose administrative cost runs about 2 per cent—much lower than private insurance. And since social security is a federal system, everybody in the country qualifying is benefited.

Both measures would be financed in the same way that social security benefits are financed. The government estimates that Forand Bill benefits would cost $1.1 billion, which would be met by adding .025 per cent to both wage and payroll tax rates. The McNamara proposal would cost about the same, insofar as coverage of OASI beneficiaries is concerned. The additional costs involved in the McNamara plan's coverage of the non-insured aged are estimated at $370 million, and this sum would be met from general revenues. But since the government is already spending for this purpose approximately $240 million out of general revenues, the McNamara measure would add only about $130 million to our general tax bill. Beneficiaries pay no premiums under either bill; the premiums are paid by the whole working population in the form of taxes.

LET'S NOW look at the Administration program and Senator Javits' bill.

The Administration's "Medicare" proposal would provide federal grants to states for state programs to enable individuals sixty-five or over to purchase from private insurance companies a "major medical expense insurance policy." The state programs would be open to all the aged, regardless of whether or not they are OASI beneficiaries, who in the preceding year either had paid no income tax or whose gross income (including social security and pensions) had not exceeded $2,500 ($3,800 for a couple). The individuals would pay a premium of $24 a year.

The benefits cover a "ten-point program," including 180 days of hospital care; a year of nursing-home care and home-care services; surgical, physicians' and dental services; physical restoration and private nursing; drugs up to $350 a year, and laboratory and X-ray services up to $200 a year. On its face, the benefits are broader than those offered by either the Forand or McNamara proposals, as Vice President Nixon was quick to point out. But there is a big catch: the benefits are subject to a deduction of the first $250 ($400 for a couple), as well as 20 per cent of costs *over* these amounts.

According to Secretary Flemming, the average annual health and medical expenses of aged persons in 1957-8 were $177 ($210 at 1960 prices). Thus, the $250 deductible provision is expected to eliminate the cost of "average expenditures" which would have to be borne by the insured. About 15 per cent of the aged (2.25 million persons), Dr. Flemming estimates, had "total medical expenses on the average of $700 per year" ($840 at 1960 prices). These people would have to bear the following average costs: $24 premium plus the first $250 plus 20 per cent of the excess over $250, or another $188. An average burden of $392 for annual health and medical care would be imposed on a group two-thirds of whose members have a total annual income of "less than" $1,000. Few could carry it.

"Medicare" would also cover public-assistance recipients of qualifying states without any premium payment or other deductions. But the federal government is already making grants to the states for public assistance — including provision for medical care. Thus, the effect of the Administration's proposal would be to expand the public-assistance program—conceivably by injecting private insurance policies and costs into it. What possible sense is there in subjecting the public-assistance program to private insurance costs?

"Medicare" would involve an estimated governmental cost of $1.2 billion, with the federal government contributing about half from general revenues, the other half being supplied by the participating states.

Senator Javits' plan also depends upon state operations. It would have the aged purchase insurance policies and pay premiums ranging from 50c to $13 a month (the latter figure applying to those with incomes of $3,600 or more annually). Senator Javits also would have the federal and state governments subsidize the private insurance companies by putting up $1.1 billion (the federal share coming from general revenues) to meet the difference between premiums paid and the actual cost of the insurance.

In my judgment, the "Medicare" and Javits proposals are both basically unsound. In both, coverage depends upon a state enacting the necessary legislation. Under "Medicare," the states' cost would be $600 million annually; under the Javits Bill, $640 million. Many states are in financial difficulties; some would finance the additional burden through higher sales or other regressive taxes. And, as we have seen, both programs depend upon individuals purchasing policies and paying premiums, while the "Medicare" plan suffers the additional disadvantage that its benefits are seriously restricted by the "$250 deductible" and the 20 per cent "co-insurance" clauses.

Administratively, the two Republican measures, by-passing the excellent social security administration, would set up a new and complicated structure involving the federal government, the fifty state governments and as many of the 1,150 different voluntary health insurance organizations as would insure under the program. The result would be hundreds of different policies and premiums subject to the heavy administrative costs of private insurance subsidized at government expense.

THE A. M. A. has denounced the Forand Bill as the "entering wedge" of "socialized medicine" and President Eisenhower has taken up this allegation. "I am against compulsory insurance," he has said, "as a very definite step in socialized medicine." The charge is untenable. Unlike the British system and, indeed, unlike many private-group hospital insurance plans, neither the Forand nor the McNamara Bill disturbs physician-patient relationships, nor does either limit beneficiaries to re-

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stricted panels. Both provide for payments to any hospital, nursing home or surgeon selected by the patient within appropriate administrative regulations.

Actually, opposition to "governmental action" to meet hospital costs makes little sense. A government memorandum shows that the country's total hospital bill for 1955 was about $6 billion, of which 44 per cent was paid by government funds (i.e., for the care of veterans, members of the Armed Forces, Congressmen and other officials; the maintenance of hospitals for tuberculosis and mental diseases, and medical expenditures under the Social Security Act). It is thus too late to object to governmental help in meeting the costs of hospital care.

The Eisenhower Administration insists that the solutions to the problem of health care for the aged must be found in "voluntary" action and reliance upon private insurance. The whole argument concerning "voluntary" action has an air of fantasy. When we use general revenues to subsidize private insurance, as the Administration proposes, we are using "compulsory" taxes to finance "voluntary" plans. Actually, the so-called "voluntary" pension systems financed by employer contributions depend upon the tax deductibility of these contributions; thus, they reduce general revenues and cast a heavier tax burden on all of us. These "voluntary" actions are actually subsidized by compulsion.

IT IS too late to question whether meeting the health needs of its older citizens is a proper function of government. That decision was made when we enacted the Social Security Act twenty-five years ago. We then determined as a nation that government has a responsibility for old-age security. For a generation we have been applying, and still apply, vast compulsion to over 70 million persons who pay social security taxes, and we have set up, through such compulsion, an efficient system which is now generally accepted as part of the institutional fabric of our society. No new principle is involved in adding benefits for hospital expense to benefits already being paid out to older people.

The real question is: how should we finance the needed additional benefits? Extraordinarily enough, the Administration and the Javits proposals, bad as they are, do contain one element of greater equity than is to be found in the Forand and McNamara bills. This is the idea of financing from general revenues rather than from social security taxes. Secretary Flemming, indeed, points to this as a superiority of the Administration's approach. "Medicare," he said, would "divide the cost equitably among the entire population by providing for financing the federal share out of general revenues. . . ."

The "Medicare" and Javits programs thus both reach out beyond the $4,800 fixed as the maximum taxable income under the Social Security Act. This makes sense; taxation according to ability to pay should never exempt higher income. Under the Social Security Act and under the Forand and McNamara bills, income over $4,800 bears no tax burden for providing OASI benefits. And unearned income, dividends, interest and capital gains, of whatever amount, bear no such tax burden at all.

Why shouldn't the whole additional burden involved in health insurance for the aged be financed from general revenues? The fact is that there is a cost which must be met. The question is: whose taxes should be increased to meet this cost? Why should the increase come only on earned income below $4,800? Isn't the burden of the country's aged population a burden upon all of us? And shouldn't we all carry the burden in proportion to our ability to carry it?

Of course, to increase social security taxes rather than to defray the cost from general revenues serves the interests of high-income recipients and those who receive interest, dividends and capital gains. It is understandable that they should insist that the general revenues not be touched. But why do labor leaders and progressives take the same stand? They do so because they have long ago been sold on the

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Perhaps some day a kind of voluntary program for—uh—voluntary illnesses."

so-called "contributory principle." Workers pay for their own benefits. The financing of social security is based upon so-called "actuarial" principles relating benefits paid to taxes received. The taxes stop at $4,800 and the benefits are based on average wage income up to $4,800. If you increase benefits, you must increase taxes.

THERE IS, however, nothing inevitable about this. Our government could, for social security purposes, tax all income without limit or up to any desired limit and still gear benefits to a $4,800 top—or to any other figure. What we do depends upon the decisions of social policy that we make.

Actually, we have long ago abandoned any strict relationship between taxes and benefits. In order to help low-income workers, we weight the formula, fixing monthly benefits in favor of the lower-income worker. Thus, the primary OASI benefit for a person with an average monthly income of $100 is $59 monthly, while the primary benefit for one with an average monthly income of $200 is only $84. Again, a worker with dependents receives higher benefits than a worker in the same wage bracket who is without dependents.

We do these things because they are socially justified. We are not dealing with private insurance, which must proportion benefits to premiums. Private insurance is not concerned with social responsibilities; it

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cannot be, without jeopardizing its solvency. Social insurance, however, involves governmental policy, operating on the whole of society; social insurance can adjust policies and benefits as social needs require.

SO FAR, we have been contrasting two methods of financing the needed health-care benefits for the aged. One is through general revenues, the other is by increasing the social security tax.

There is a third alternative: lifting the ceiling on social security taxes. Total earnings covered by the social security program in 1959 were $249 billion, of which $201 billion was taxable. The balance of $48 billion was untouched by social security taxes because it represented per capita earnings above $4,800. The present tax rate of 3 per cent for both wage and payroll tax, or a total of 6 per cent, applied to this $48 billion would yield $3 billion—three times the Forand and McNamara bills' costs. If we merely increased the ceiling from $4,800 to $6,000, we would make another $17 billion of earnings taxable. At 6 per cent, this would yield $1 billion, or approximately the Forand-McNamara cost. Thus, there is no need to increase the payroll tax from 3 per cent to 3¼ per cent; new legislation could be financed by extending the tax to a higher bracket. Significantly, Speaker Rayburn has suggested as much.

The Forand and McNamara proposals, for all their virtues, are obviously inadequate to meet a cost of $3-$4 billion for a complete medical-care program for the aged. Is the only solution to be found in the ultimate increase of the social security tax not by .025 per cent, but by four times as much? Considering the large burden which these taxes already constitute, and the fact that they are due for a 50 per cent increase over the next eight years even without any new legislation for the aged, clearly other solutions must be sought.

Many people would agree that financing out of general revenues is the most equitable solution. But they are afraid to press the argument because they think that to do so would kill the whole program. Yet the Republicans have not hesitated to propose financing their old-age health measures through general revenues! In politics, as in life, you should fight for all you think you ought to get and settle for the least that is worth taking. While politics has been defined as the art of the possible, what is possible depends in part upon the targets of those waging the fight.

THE ARMY PLEADS for SURVIVAL.. *by Ralph Caplan*

Fort Benning, Ga.

LT.-GEN. ARTHUR G. TRUDEAU, the Army's Chief of Research and Development, stated a few weeks ago that an army must be able to do three things—"move, shoot and communicate." The General found it necessary to make the statement because, in the minds and hearts of its members, there is one other thing an army must do: it must exist. And it is no secret that nuclear developments have threatened the existence of the Army by promising to render it obsolete, just as they have threatened the existence of mankind by promising to render it dead. The threat is most palpably evident in the relative prosperity of the Air Force, once a minor Army branch, and the Navy, which once played the role of a sort of hired carrier, designed to take the Army where it was going and support it once it got there. These offspring now flourish like a green bay tree of pre-strontium-90 vintage, while the Mother Service is neglected.

In an ambitious move to dramatize the Army's continuing importance and its increasing needs, the Department of the Army this month conducted Project Man, a three-day conference and demonstration held here "to acquaint key members of the Executive branch of the government, senior commanders, industry . . . and informational media with the needs of a modern Army."

Project Man gets its name from the words M(odern) A(rmy) N(eeds), but also from a peculiar humanitarian emphasis that finds Man at the core of modern warfare just as he was in the bow-and-arrow days. What is Man that the Army is mindful of him? He is, quite simply, "the ultimate weapon," a definition that found its way into each visitor's night-table literature and out of the mouths of Secretary of the Army Brucker, Chief of Staff Lemnitzer, and even a young Ranger captain I met at the bar.

In his welcoming speech, General Lemnitzer expressed pleasure at the opportunity to "stress the continued pre-eminence on the military scene of our ultimate weapon, today's soldier." This was the key refrain during Project Man. When the killing power of a nuclear warhead was described, the description was enriched with the warning that we must not become complacent about atomic power: after all, only Man could wage war. (Why, without Man, there was hardly any point in even *having* war.)

Another theme without variation had to do with inter-service rivalry. Whenever an Army helicopter or amphibious carrier appeared, someone was on hand to point out that these were not competitive with the more sophisticated equipment of the other services. In discussing the need for new and better air vehicles, General Trudeau modestly explained: "We don't want to fly very high or very fast. But we *would* like to move quietly over the nap of the earth."

For me, Project Man commenced the afternoon of May 2, when the Curtiss-Wright company plane in which I was riding descended on Lawson

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Army Airfield. One of the reporters sitting near a window yelled, "There must be some brass landing. They have an honor guard and a band." Not until we stepped off the plane did we realize the reception was for us. The band played *Semper Fidelis* and a general shook my hand and said, "We're sure glad you could come." "So am I," I said. I was. It was so much like a dreams-of-glory fantasy that all I could think was "Gee, the kids back home'll never believe this." (Some of them didn't.)

The band swung into the theme from the movie *Bridge on the River Kwai* and we were ushered into buses. We had each been sent a memorandum (in duplicate, naturally) telling what to pack ("Each guest should provide his own sunglasses. . . .") and an itinerary detailed after the manner of armies everywhere:

1530-1550 Open
1550-1600 Load on Buses
1600-1605 Enroute
1605-1610 Unload Buses

All three days' activity was meticulously scheduled this way, and furthermore the schedule was adhered to. Indeed, the entire affair was superbly engineered. It is no easy task to herd some 600 visitors — many of whom outrank you one way or another — around a military base the size of Fort Benning; and the officers in charge did it with the courteous firmness that is the Army at its semi-social best.

WE ARRIVED at Building 2756-A, registered, and signed a paper relieving the Army of responsibility for any injuries we might incur. Then a colonel introduced himself and led me to the nearby bar. He said that Project Man was an important enterprise for the Army, and he hoped I'd enjoy it and learn something. We were joined by a Washington reporter who said, "It's about time the Army did a little public relations, and I'm glad to see it happening. The Army's been taking a terrific pasting." Other reporters agreed that the Army had been getting a bad press, and were equally pleased to see that now it was doing something about it — courting the press, for one thing.

The Army also purported to be courting industry, although it was not easy to identify the aggressor in that particular romance. Most industry representatives at Project Man were receptive to the Army's case for more and better equipment, because their business is selling the equipment; they were, in effect, co-sponsors. It would be unkind to say that they were shills; the euphemism in vogue during Project Man was "allies." But they were hardly disinterested allies. It was as though a child were defending his need for an electric train to an adult audience consisting of his parents and three salesmen from F.A.O. Schwartz.

THE Army-industry alliance was shaken briefly in a speech by Secretary Brucker, however. Having pointed out that Man was not only a tactical weapon, but actually a strategic - weapons system, Mr. Brucker turned his attention to those weapons that are made and not born. In supplying them, industry "must not allow the desire for profits to assume greater influence in its plans and activities than the desire to serve the nation faithfully and well," he said, adding: "I have always considered any contract between the armed forces and an industrial supplier as a sacred covenant for the good of America." To some industrialists this sounded suspiciously as though the Army thought it deserved weapons whether it could pay for them or not. "We're not buying any of that," one said afterwards. A military writer regarded this as the worst sort of civilian cynicism, and said so. I tried to remember the "true faith of the Armorer" as described by Undershaft, the weapons-manufacturer in Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Later I looked it up: "To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles."

At the heart of the Army's argument was General Hugh Harris' declaration that, despite the advent of nuclear warfare, "the traditional role of the Army has not changed greatly." His speech was followed by a live-firing demonstration, showing how a rifle company might conduct a night defense operation, using artillery, flame tanks, illuminants and rockets with nuclear warheads. Like the other Project Man demonstrations, it was accompanied by a running narration delivered in what I came to think of as The Army Forensic Style—a loud, high-pitched technique somewhere between Oral Roberts and a radio fight announcer. Obviously, the Fort Benning speech coach is no exponent of Method Acting. In the narration, as well as on the field, a hypothetical enemy was efficiently beaten. Later on I asked a two-star general what the enemy might have been doing while we were scoring all those direct hits.

"It's a problem," he admitted. "No one has ever hit on a realistic way to simulate war. If you just imagine an enemy, you have to imagine his moves. On the other hand, if you assign a unit to *be* the enemy, you can't use real firepower. Also these things get competitive, and although soldiers are supposed to 'stay dead' once they've been 'killed,' a lot of them keep popping up to score points for their side."

A WORD about generals. I had never met one before, and here were dozens all about me. As they sat clustered in the bleachers, I watched them, fascinated by how much they look like generals. Their faces had all the components of virile energy: the tanned leathery skin, the clear eyes, the crisp authoritative mouth, the close-cropped, lead-gray hair. But there was also something disturbing in their faces and in their very presence in the bleachers among the rest of us, something alien and inappropriate: humility. For the duration of Project Man, they had voluntarily subordinated their command to the collective interest. It was not unselfish. It was done in the hope of establishing that theirs was not an outmoded calling. Like the Rangers, who had put on a display of courageous athleticism in hand-to-hand combat, the generals were strong men of proven ability, touchingly gathered in the conviction that no H-bomb could make their ability irrelevant. It was hard not to wish that they were right. Either way, the romance of their

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competence seemed a sad, sad waste.

Without any question, the most important single contribution to Project Man was the appearance of the President of the United States. He sat thoughtfully with his head cradled in one hand as the latest equipment rolled by. After a demonstration of the speed with which a missile could be set up for firing, the narrator explained that it would not be fired from its present position because "if it were, everyone behind it would be burned to a crisp." The President, who was sitting directly behind it, laughed comfortably. Later, at a firepower and airmobile assault exhibition, he shook his head admiringly as a guided rocket hit the target, and occasionally stuck a protective finger in his ear during explosions.

At the conclusion, Secretary Brucker announced: "The paradox, Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen — the paradox is that none of this would be possible without Man." It is sobering to think we have a Secretary of the Army who believes this is a paradox. Mr. Brucker gave the President a cast statuette of an infantryman, and promised that we would each get one that evening. Then President Eisenhower—to the apparent surprise of the officials—mounted the rostrum. He gave the best speech I have ever heard him give. Although it was spontaneous, it had none of the embarrassing syntax of his press conference utterances; and although it was not brilliant, the platitudes were from the heart and not ghosted. It was sincere, assured and moving, in much the same way that Project Man itself was moving.

Whenever I am in a strange place I am seized with a compulsion to use the facilities, simply because they are there; and when we came to a twenty-minute open period I thought of getting a haircut or a shoe shine, or using one of the typewriters in the press room. Finally I settled for the PX. Needing nothing, but wanting to bring home something military, I bought a tube of hair dressing called "Top Brass." I needn't have done it, for when I got back to my room there was a small, white box on my pillow. Inside was my infantryman statuette. The front of it read, "Project Man"; the back of it was an advertisement for the Sperry Gyroscope Company. The next morning I asked whether the President's statuette also carried a commercial, and I learned that it did. Well, nobody gets something for nothing any more, which—any way you look at it—is what Project Man was all about.

DIALOGUES IN CUBA . . *by Barbara Deming*

> In all my thirty-eight years on *The New York Times,* I have never seen a big story so misunderstood, misinterpreted, and badly handled as the Cuban revolution.—Herbert Matthews.

BEFORE my recent three-week stay in Cuba, I had never played the role of journalist, and I had certainly never tried to play the role of amateur ambassador; but after a few days there, I found that I was exerting myself in both roles. The fact that I did so tells something about Cuba at this present moment. Nothing is more possible than to engage a Cuban these days in earnest conversation about the new regime, and about the misunderstandings between his country and ours. You have only to ask one question of a stranger sitting next to you in a bus, and before a minute is out, the bus will be a hubbub of discussion — every passenger eager to add his word. The only obstacle to communication that I encountered (aside from the fact that I speak a minimum of Spanish, and not all Cubans speak English) was that they are so eager to talk to Americans about what is happening, that I sometimes found myself trying to listen to two or three people at once. No one was indifferent. What is happening there is not something to which they passively submit, but something in which the great majority of Cubans feel actively engaged.

There is no blind following of Castro. Those who are most enthusiastic freely describe him as "loco" about some particular project, or term him "Superman" for wanting to think about everything himself. "We make jokes about everything, in Cuba," a young volunteer government worker told me. "Our joke about Castro is, we call him our kid. 'That kid, he's working too hard,' we say. It's very, very strange; we feel responsible for him." That attitude is also strangely contagious — so much so that, at the end of a week, having by then strong feelings about Cuba's relations with the United States, I found myself stepping into a taxicab and telling the driver that I would like, please, to talk with Fidel Castro.

When I admitted that I had no idea where Castro might be found, the driver pulled up to the curb and consulted some men who were chatting together. They advised me to ask directions at the main police station. There the matter was discussed again in an astonishingly informal fashion. I was advised to apply for an interview at the INRA building where, after explaining something of my purpose before a casual jumble of reception desks, I was suddenly taken in tow by a stranger who turned out to be an engineer, there this day to submit a rural electrification project to the government. Overhearing my explanations, he had decided that I had "good feelings" and so took it upon himself to steer me to the appropriate officials. It was not, of course, as easy as all that. The men in question were naturally busy. But I was asked to come back again; and the difficulty of getting to see Castro

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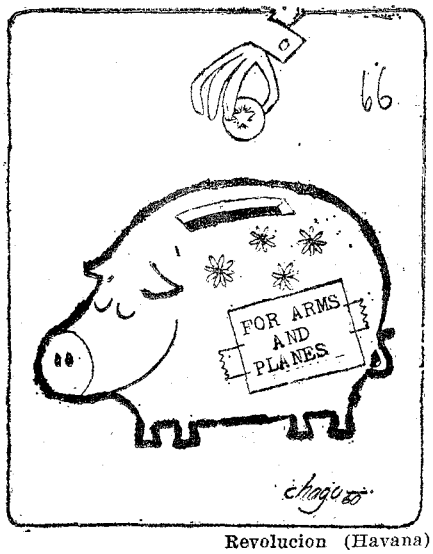
was explained to me in the simplest human terms: he'd been up working, the night before, until 5 A.M. Meanwhile the engineer led me off to meet some other people, of the press and radio, who might be able to arrange the interview for me.

It should be apparent to the reader by now that one widespread impression among us is mistaken: Cubans may be loudly critical of the present policy of our government, but they are not hostile toward the American people. Nor is their friendliness simply the friendliness of a people who want tourists. It is quite unstrained. No Cuban with whom I spoke treated with scorn my determination to try to see Castro. And when I finally did manage an interview in the manner that a number of people had begun to suggest — by catching his eye in a public place and asking whether I could talk with him — the attitude of the small crowd that soon surrounded us was curiously protective. After Castro left, many of them stayed round me for an hour more — asking me about myself and elaborating upon the words he had spoken.

* * *

The specific event that had caused me to prolong my stay in Cuba was the speech Castro made on March 6 at the funeral for the men killed in the explosion of the munitions ship, *La Coubre*. He had declared that he couldn't help suspecting that those who had tried to halt all shipments of arms to Cuba (which is to say, U.S. officials) were somehow responsible. His words had filled me with confusion. Back home, I had seen him described in public print as a little dictator in the making. But the vision of him in this role had been dissolved for me by then — confronted as I was by a population enthusiastic, yet without fanaticism. From one person after another I had heard, in effect, the same words: "For the first time we are full of hopes, we feel that life is possible." Even those few people with whom I had talked who were critical of Castro acknowledged that he was helping the great majority and that his regime was absolutely honest. A taxi driver who was furious at him, because he, the driver, depended on tourists for a living — "And they're



Revolucion (Havana)

not coming, they're not coming!" and Castro was to blame — described him, in his wrath, in these terms: "This island has always been called a paradise. Now he wants to actually make it one. He wants to make it a gol-den saucer, a gol-den saucer!" (I told the cabbie I had never heard that expression. "It's my own," he said proudly.) The day of the funeral speech, however, revived in me the old doubts. Why should Castro mouth such suspicions — even while he admitted that he had no proof?

I had not been staying in Havana itself up to now, but now I moved in, and my second night there I suddenly had a chance to voice the objections of an American to Castro's charges. I wandered by chance into a crowd of people on the Prado who were being solicited for contributions for arms for Cuba. Everyone who donated something was allowed to speak a few words into a microphone, and a TV camera mounted on a truck would catch his picture for watchers throughout Cuba. Still troubled by my doubts, I hesitated to make my own contribution, but the eager faces of the girls asking for donations made my hesitation seem foolish, and I gave a few pesos. Instantly a number of people standing in line to take their turns at the microphone, waved and smiled at me. "You are an American? That's wonderful! Thank you, thank you!" — and all beckoned to me to say something too. One after another of these people was crying a little speech into the microphone. Even little children squeaked out something with no shyness. (Fiery oratory, I noticed, is a national habit here.) I instinctively shook my head as they invited me to say my word. Then I decided that if I had a protest to make, I should make it here. So I asked the man who was passing the microphone whether he could translate for me, and I said: "Here's to Fidel Castro, and here's to your revolution. But may Castro come to speak less violently against the United States, and it may yet change its heart toward him." I rather expected my words to be disliked, but when I looked about me, people waved at me and cried again "Thank you!" and the next day, when I went to the Western Union office to send a cable, the head of the office hurried toward me, beaming, hand outstretched: "I want to thank you for your cooperation with the Cuban people. If I am not mistaken, I saw you on television last night."

* * *

That night, too, I began methodically to ask everyone I found who could speak English: *why* did Castro make such violent charges? I had started asking this question on the day he made the speech, and the first answer I had been given had seemed strange to me. "Don't you see? He was so *hurt!*" a young woman had explained to me. It had seemed strange to hear the statements of a head of state explained in such personal terms. And, I told her, most Americans felt that, in the face of Castro's abuse of us, our government had behaved with astonishing restraint. In the coming days, however, I was to hear repeatedly the same expression, "You must understand, he was hurt," and to mark a look of wonder that I could not appreciate that human fact. Over these next two weeks — while I persisted, too, in my attempt to manage a conversation with Castro himself — I had long conversations about the relations between our two countries with scores of Cubans from all walks of life.

They would usually speak first of the refusal of our government to sell Cuba arms, and of the strong pressure we had put on other governments to refuse them also. "Why are we not to be allowed to defend our-

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selves?" they would ask. Then they would bring up the raids over Cuba by planes flying from airfields in Florida. There was not a day, I was told, when at least one plane did not come over. Many acres of sugar cane had been destroyed by fire bombs ("and sugar is our livelihood"); sugar mills had been attacked; even 100-pound bombs had been dropped; and a raid on Havana on October 21 had caused the death of two people, the wounding of almost fifty. The United States did little to prevent these flights. I assured them: Our government naturally deplored the raids, but it wasn't easy to prevent them. How was one to keep a pilot from lying about his destination? Again the response was a look at me and a smile — as though I were a child. If planes had been making similar raids into Canada, they said, they couldn't help feeling that the U.S. government would have managed by now to stop them.

Everyone with whom I spoke would bring up the subject of the Batista henchmen to whom we allow asylum: Ventura, Laurente, Masferrer, Pedraza, others. These are not political refugees, they would say; they are known mass killers and sadists. There is a gesture in Cuba where the speaker touches the corner of his eye, meaning: I have seen it. This gesture was repeated for me many times. There is scarcely a person to whom one speaks whose family has been untouched by Batista's torturers. About 19,000 Cubans were murdered by them. In Havana alone they castrated 300 men and boys, so people said. Some of the tortures they perfected are almost unspeakable. One woman told me with emotion of the treatment dealt out to her cousin. A Batista henchman had had a man jump up and down on the boy's stomach until everything inside him was broken. The fellow responsible "is now a leader of the 'anti-Communists' in Miami," the woman told me. "There is your anti-Communist man! You must try to understand why we are so hurt."

When the Batista men were mentioned, I would urge the difficulties of forbidding asylum. And it was through a mistake, I would point out, that Pedraza had been allowed to enter the country. No such mistakes seemed to occur, they pointed out, when anyone tried to enter whom the United States had named a Communist. And the United States knew, they all said, that Batista's men were not idle there. Men known to be plotting against, say, the government of England, would never be given such freedom.

* * *

It seemed unreal to all these people that we should be indifferent to the nature of these men now in our midst; and it seemed unreal, too, that we should be indifferent to the contrast between the Batista regime and the regime now. That contrast is for them a cause, still, of happy wonder. Person after person would remark to me how amazing it was to be able to look at a soldier or a policeman without fear. And in their eyes the youth I saw drilling in the streets have a very different significance than for the casual visitor. As one of the Catholic priests with whom I talked explained to me with feeling: Army barracks are being converted into schools all over the island. (This is one of the changes people talk most about.) And the militia that one sees everywhere is voluntary — "the first completely voluntary army in history," the priest boasted. "The army can no longer threaten the people of Cuba. The people of Cuba *are* the army."

It is not only the disappearance of terrorism that they speak of with wonder. Terrorism under Batista was matched by corruption. The facts of this, too, are vivid in every mind. Over and over someone would name for me the exact figures of some monstrous example of graft. Under Batista, a social worker told me, it used to be that a man would go into the government and within six months you could count on his being a millionaire. It was something *strange*, she said, if this didn't happen. One of the first things the heads of the present government did was to reduce their own salaries. Pride in this new honesty is one of the most conspicuous elements in the revolutionary movement. A man pointed out to me the little boxes being passed about for contributions for arms. "And nobody touches a penny!" he cried; "this is holy!" A girl opened one of the boxes to show me a diamond ring among the pesos contributed.

And so they look about with pride and relief at the difference between the two regimes, and cannot understand why we are suddenly full of protests about this one. They all conclude that the United States does not want Cuba to be independent; that it wants her to remain in the position of a colony.

* * *

By now I knew to what they referred when they explained Castro's words about the United States in terms of "hurt." It still seemed to me a strange explanation. Did they not expect diplomacy of their Prime Minister? When I finally did, by chance, late one afternoon, catch sight of him standing on the sidewalk outside the Sevilla Biltmore Hotel, I stepped up to him and asked my questions directly of him.

I introduced myself as an American distressed at the poor relations existing between our two countries. I did understand, I told him, that he had cause for bitterness; but, I said, his angry words were losing him friends in the United States — even those who might well be his friends. For several minutes his answers to me were a prolonged echo of all I had been hearing from other Cubans. "How would you feel—?" he asked me, and again: "How would you feel—?" naming again for me all the damaging acts, or omission of acts, that had been named for me by one person after another. "How would you feel?" His hand touched my arm. His appeal to me was personal—quite as though I had been trying, say, to reconcile him to a mutual friend who had disappointed him.

I reiterated: I understood why he was bitter. But wasn't he letting bitterness confuse his own actions now —when he went so far as to accuse the United States of complicity in the munitions-ship explosion, of actual crime? He was quick to deny this: he had not accused them. "The people around me, advising me, would never have let me say such a thing. I said that I had no proof. But," he added, "I have a right to wonder." A right to wonder out loud? I asked. The point was, he tried to explain,

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that if the United States had not attempted so persistently to block all sale of arms to Cuba, such a thing could never have happened. United States hostility had created an atmosphere in which the crime was possible.

I told him that I had recently read the speech he had made in October, 1953, before the court which tried him for his early rebellion against Batista. (This speech, published under the title "History Will Absolve Me," I recommend to anyone wishing to make a considered judgment of Castro.) I said that I had often heard Americans worry that he might be a potential Mussolini or Hitler; I had decided that one who spoke as he did in that speech never could become another such figure. But listening to his words at the funeral, I had not been sure. Again, he looked at me hard.

The crowd had pressed us close together by now, and someone behind me was holding onto my waist, with warm hands, as though I were a child she or he were helping to speak up. It seemed to me, I said, that in his fight against Batista, his genius had been to win new adherents to his cause from the ranks of the opposition. That is how his army had grown. And in a recent talk to school children, I reminded him, he had urged the children, in their dealings with the children of those who spoke against the revolution, to "win them over with friendliness, not with contempt." Was he not forgetting that principle in his dealings with the United States?

In the beginning, he answered me now with emphasis, he had done just this—had tried to ask for understanding. But how was he to hope to reach the people of the United States, he asked, when between him and the American people was the American press? He spoke with a hopelessness conspicuously sincere. I persisted: it was not impossible to communicate with the American people. Must he not continue to try to make himself clear—thinking always, when he spoke, of those Americans who *could* understand him? He had gone on trying for a long time, he said. I asked, must he not keep on trying still? He looked at me then and shrugged his shoulders forward eloquently. "You would like me to be like Christ," he said. I answered: "I would like you to be like Gandhi in his conversations with the British." "The people of Cuba are like Gandhi," he answered quickly.

I had referred once more to his funeral speech, when he suddenly put his hand on my arm again: "Don't you see? It is not to the United States that I am talking. I am talking to the people of Cuba." He spoke now at length and with feeling: "Don't you understand? I have to build up in the Cuban people a national conscience. I have to teach them what their true situation is. I have to make them aware of what lies before them, to be done and to be suffered. How did George Washington have to speak to his soldiers at Valley Forge?"

He was elaborating upon this theme when two N.B.C. men, who had found their way through the crowd, asked him if he would grant them a televised interview the next day. He tried at first to decline; he was terribly busy; also, he spoke awkward English, and he might not say things well. I asked whether there couldn't be a chance for him to see the interview played back first, before approving it. Impossible, the reporter said, shortly. Castro turned to me suddenly now and patted me on the shoulder: "She's a good girl. She advises me not to get angry."

The newsmen then, pencils in hand, began to ask some of their own questions. The revolution, Castro tried to explain, was not really against the interests of the American people. It was true that a very small group of them would lose something. "We can't help this," he said. "You had a revolution once. There were changes, weren't there? And didn't the British lose something?" "We're reporters," said the N.B.C. man. "We're here to ask *you* questions." Castro looked surprised. But he went on: the revolution was hurting the interests of a small group of monopolists. "Are you against monopolists?" asked the newsman quickly. "I'm not *against!*" Castro cried, with a helpless emphatic gesture; "I am *for* the Cuban people." (I noted that this outcry was omitted from the account of the interview in next morning's *Havana Post*, an English-speaking publication there.) "We are in favor of the Cuban people. We are against those who are not," he was simply reported as saying. Nor was there any account of what had been, for me, the heart of his self-explanation: his comparison of his own role to that of Washington at Valley Forge.

I came to believe that afternoon that Castro's words are not really weighed in terms of a reaction to them in the United States. I came to realize also that his very lack of diplomacy in speech, so disastrous where the relations between our two countries were concerned, had for his Cuban audience a special value. "Would you want him to be a hyprocrite?" people had been asking me all these days. Batista had indeed been a "good politician," quite able to keep his mouth shut when it was diplomatic to do so. With Castro, Cubans feel secure in the knowledge that whatever comes into his head, he will say. When this leads to some exaggeration, they make allowances: "Remember, he is young." The point is: he is not trying to keep anything back from them. They feel that they share, for the first time, in what is going on. An edge of pride is no doubt involved, too. As the French wife of an exiled Haitian newsman said, with delight: "They have had to speak carefully for so long. This is an important moment for them!"

Cartoon by Arroyito (Havana)

ZOOLOGY LESSON

"The flamingo lives in Florida marshes; when airplanes pass, it buries its head."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Absorbing Love of Man

ON THE SOCIOLOGY OF MEDICINE. By Henry E. Sigerist. Milton I. Roemer, M.D., editor. MD Publications. 397 pp. $6.75.

ON THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE. By Henry E. Sigerist. Felix Marti-Ibanez, M.D., editor. MD Publications. 313 pp. $6.75.

George A. Silver

HENRY SIGERIST was a man who felt deeply that medicine was a *social* service, and history became for him a means of promulgating this belief. As evidence of this approach, the selections in these books are excellent; in addition they are astutely chosen to illuminate his varied interests and the depth and range of his knowledge. (The volume of historical essays was actually compiled by him a year or so before his death.) As he said of Paracelsus, so it can be said of him:

> He was a scientist in search of a philosophy of medicine. . . . He wanted to understand the world in which he was living and man's part in it in health and disease.

Dr. Sigerist was both a scientist and a scholar, but he was able to transmit his own excitement as a common touch because he devoured life with great appetite, cramming experiences of several careers into his sixty-five years; his clear and simple style of writing reflects his own eager wonder and zest:

> What I wrote I have lived, and it has enriched my life so tremendously that I thought others might benefit from my experience.

His grasp of language was prodigious. Although his native languages were French and German, he learned to write English with ease and grace and did all the writing of his maturer years in that language. Thus he was able to transmit the sense of continuity which is the hallmark of a dedicated historian. Whether he wrote of tea or truffles, of doctors or patients, of drugs or regimens, we see how they relate to the magic of the past and the folly of the present.

Some of his appeal as a historian lies in his serious courtesy to men of distant "unscientific" times:

> I . . . strongly felt that such a man was not a fool [Paré] and that a treatment that he applied and constantly found efficacious could not be a mere superstition.
>
> They [the Mandeville papers] give delightful sidelights on the practice of medieval surgeons.

This feeling for the quality of another time he carried over into a tolerance for the different and untraditional in our own time. Not only was he politically very much of the Left — a position derived from his philosophic Marxism and strong Socialist ethic — but he saw desirable values in unconventional treatment (onions for burns, the efficacy of spas), in new orientation of medical education and practice and, of course, in internationalism of science. He writes vividly of the importance of understanding *difference* and treasuring it.

Much of Sigerist's appeal derives from his absorbing love of man and his works. He wanted to know *all* about *every* man. From his earliest student days he grasped at the elusive omniscience of language. He qualified in Oriental studies at the Sorbonne before he studied medicine. All his life he restlessly traveled, always studying more languages.

> For the last fifty years I have devoted one half hour to language studies every morning, learning and practicing Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, Russian — whichever I happened to be interested in at the moment or needed most for my work.

On a long table in the "Casa Serena" (his home in Switzerland during his last years), were newspapers and magazines he read currently in English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian and Chinese at least, with added publications from friends in a dozen other languages. As he mastered a language he learned to enjoy the literature, adding to the pleasure of a familiar translation by reading the original. Language, literature and social aspirations became tied together in his mind and gave him appreciation and respect for the varied cultures he came to know. During his life he visited every corner of the world and wrote charming and sensible travel essays, or penetrating reviews of medical practice or social policy. But invariably he tried to be friendly and understanding. His criticism was never unfeeling or patronizing. Social comment and criticism is applied in a personal form, so that the problem is seen not abstractly, but in human terms.

> And I also wish that I may be granted to end my life at home and not in the hospital. . . . Many examinations and treatments are impossible or at least very difficult outside of a hospital. But it is a dreary place, nevertheless, with its sterile-looking rooms, bare walls, high beds, and the necessary but rigid routine that makes it so difficult to rest. . . . How much nicer it is to be sick at home where we have our books, where the cat takes the place of the hot-water bottle, and where we may count on a decent cup of tea.

THE DISTINCTION between these two collections is largely artificial, since historical and sociological elements mingle and interweave in the essays in both books. The "History" has the advantage of having been selected by Sigerist himself, and obviously it is a collection of memorable, congenial and substantial work. ("The Physician's Profession Through the Ages," "On Hippocrates.") But the "Sociology" has important virtues in that the scholar's mind can be seen at work, ranging over the political and social issues of our and other times, or displaying the image of new countries reflected in a sensitive intelligence. ("The Place of the Physician in Modern Society," "Nationalism and Internationalism in Medicine," "From Bismarck to Beveridge," "Report on India.")

These essays breathe the spirit and mind of the great teacher and social philosopher I knew and revered. His voice and gestures appear unbidden at certain passages, and the deep perspective of his insight. For example, looking at the special position of the sick, sympathy did not blind him to the realities of human relationships. So of social security he says:

> With this institution [social security], the worker acquires a right to help and care. . . . He is no more at the mercy of society. . . . The privileged position which he enjoys as a sick person is one which he has . . . earned through his labor.

But then he adds:

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The firmer the privileged position of the sick, the sooner will the inclination appear to take that position voluntarily, to escape from the struggle of living into sickness.

And he tempers this:

It is . . . necessary to avoid using the vulgar word malingerer. . . . A man who has succumbed before the stress of life, who can find no other way to save himself than to flee into the safety of illness, is a wounded creature. . . .

And so:

The stigma of sinfulness and the stigma of being less worthy [former connotations of illness] have been in large measure removed from the sick, but a new burden . . . the stigma of . . . being an antisocial human being and . . . in many cases a criminal [has been placed on them].

These two volumes are the distillate of powerful intellectual experiences applied to the medical scene. Through the glass of history we are brought to see the earnest search of generations of other minds to help and heal mankind. In that glass we see too the blind and brutal things man has done — can do — to subvert this help and healing. And in it all is the picture of medicine today and the shape of medicine tomorrow.

DURING his last years, Sigerist paid a price for his outspoken leftism, his firm defense of academic freedom, his espousal of radical medical (and social) causes. His academic position became untenable. The great Institute of the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins to which he had given brilliant form and direction was left behind and he secluded himself in Pura "to write uninterrupted." He never completed the twelve volumes of medical history and sociology he had set himself as the goal of his life's work. He liked people and conferences and talks and visits too much to lock himself in the harsh grip of of the study until the huge work was done.

Some say the material we have is really the Sigerist History and Sociology and that we should be content, but I don't believe it. I see how the doctor's job is illuminated in new and unexpected ways from one essay to another ("The Physician's Profession," "University Education," "Thoughts on the Physician's Writing and Reading" and "The Place of the Physician in Modern Society"), but I wonder how much more he might not have added in later discussion. I see the patient in "The Special Position of the Sick" and in "Living Under the Shadow" and I wonder what more he might have been able to add. Perhaps if he could have stayed in America, in the midst of activity and with a stream of visitors and students, he might, paradoxically, have found the time to work on his great dream. As it was he fled the isolation of his retreat. From Pura he went to Italy, Belgium, England, Russia, China, always off somewhere to see what was going on — to be doing something, not to write.

But the writings Sigerist did leave are meaningful, important and timely; these essays, like his great lectures in *Civilization and Disease,* like *American Medicine, Man and Medicine* and *The Great Doctors* (recently reprinted as a paperback) offer lessons he taught that are yet to be learned.

The Ashes of Power

THE GLORIOUS FAULT: The Life of Lord Curzon. By Leonard Mosley. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.95.

Horace Gregory

POSTERITY is not kind to Lord Curzon (1859-1925), the first and last Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Biographies of his contemporaries, whom he regarded as lesser than himself, give him swift, brief mention; often as not, his name remains unlisted in indices. Once known wherever English was read or spoken—"a great Viceroy of India," he was called —the very archetype of the Tory diplomatist, statesman, politician; today he re-emerges as none of these, but rather as a symbol of past errors, not quite ridiculous, yet in his last years of defeat, a little less than tragic.

Curzon was like a character drawn out of British fiction, the English milord who glittered in society: Trollope anticipated his arrival in Silverbridge, the Tory son of a Liberal Prime Minister, who married an American heiress (Curzon's two wives were American heiresses); he was also anticipated by the hero-villains of "Ouida's" early novels, and it is no surprise that Curzon and "Ouida" heartily admired each other; nor is it strange that Elinor Glyn, the lady novelist on a tiger rug, became Curzon's mistress. In Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies,* Lady Metroland resembles the type of American heiress who became Curzon's second wife.

Leonard Mosley has written a lively, partisan, anti-Curzon biography — because Curzon fascinated him, as well he might. The book has an air of adventurous excitement which is appropriate to the great rise and fall of Curzon's fortunes. Mosley calls Curzon "feudal," and that is not quite accurate, for Curzon was less feudal than Victorian Gothic, overtly towering in his ambitions and talents, an offense to the architecture around him, a bit monstrous in Edwardian days, and more than a shade inhuman. Whenever he did the right thing (the restoration of the Taj Mahal in India and the "Stately Homes" in England are examples of his rightness), he had the fatal knack of making it seem wrong.

WHAT was wrong with Curzon? So much seemed right for him to make a masterly career. He was the son of the Reverend Lord Scarsdale, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and had little ready money—circumstances which are often a spur to actual achievements. He was both an industrious and precocious boy, and in that sense a step ahead of his generation. He was attractive to women, another mark in his favor. True enough, his spine was crippled by an early fall from a horse, but since he courageously wore a leather harness which held him straight, his injury need not have deformed his behavior. Men have suffered illnesses and have outridden pain to their greatest accomplishments. Even the sadistic-masochist pattern in his behavior, hinted at by his biographer, cannot explain his fall at forty from Viceroy of India—to the Foreign Office, and then to positions in the Cabinet where the office of Prime Minister always eluded him.

His flaw was a moral flaw. That his ambitions were completely wordly is clear enough. His marriages were contrived (on his part) for the sake of money, and had an air of strangeness in a man as romantic as he. At Balliol, he amassed more skills at gaining prizes —the Lothian Essay Prize was one— than in true scholarship. He was myopic in his reach for prizes and honors; he mistook notoriety for fame, display of power for actual power, and like many men of wealth, he became possessed by power madness which he lacked the art to conceal. That was why he found so few friends among his immediate associates in the Cabinet. His enemies feared

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him less than his friends; they saw him clearly as the weak spot in the Tory party. Because his drive for power made every man his enemy, he betrayed and lied to his associates with the greatest ease.

Curzon's appointment as Viceroy to India was the true turning point of his career: at the Durbar the sight of millions bowing at his feet gave rise to the power madness that seized him, blinded him. His quarrel with the British Army, his underrating the political shrewdness of Kitchener (who like so many modern generals was a political general), were signs of Curzon's blindness. He returned to England unaware that the rest of his life would turn into an extended career of humiliations, outwardly glorious in the honors he won, inwardly corrosive. Because they were less visible than the occupancy of 10 Downing Street, the honors of running the Foreign Office had become humiliations. It was as though the twentieth century had conspired against him.

The Kremlin

THE KREMLIN. By David Douglas Duncan. New York Graphic Society. 168 pp. $25.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THE PHOTOGRAPHER of Picasso's private life has now turned his camera, loaded with the brightest Kodachrome, on the Kremlin. Strange and strenuous as it was to spend a day with Picasso, it is stranger still to accompany Mr. Duncan as he looks at the midnight sun setting behind the fantastic black towers, or as his strobe lights strike the brocades, the silver, gold, ivory, sables, pearls and rubies that centuries of Tsars have hoarded in the strong dim rooms of the Kremlin. Though Mr. Duncan was not allowed to move any object or even to open any exhibition case, he got remarkably clear photographs, which Jan Schwitter in Basel has reproduced brillantly. These eighty-three color plates take us close to the incredibly clumped and encrusted riches of ancient Russian ceremonial, and make us experience them more vividly than the elaborate and very clearly drawn lithographs of the nineteenth-century folios by Vel'tman and Solntsev. Mr. Duncan's text attempts to startle even more than his illustrations, but this does not really matter, since Arthur Voyce wrote an excellent English account of the Kremlin in 1954. Still, it is a pity that Mr. Duncan felt that he had to orchestrate his prose in *Time*-style, with bass drums and *vox humana,* because the plain unvarnished chronicle of the Kremlin is quite enough to stand one's hair on end. Every government housed there has been as close and as secret as Mr. Khrushchev's. Revolutions do not change the basic habits of a people, especially a people as conservative as the Russians.

PROBABLY no complex of buildings in the world has concentrated so much of a people's life for so long a time. From the mid-1300s (a little after the death of Giotto and Dante) until 1713, when Peter the Great transferred the capital to St. Petersburg, the walls of the Kremlin enclosed the secular and ecclesiastical governments of Russia as well as the direction of its artistic life through the imperial workshops for painting, weapons and goldsmith work. It was therefore inevitable that the Soviet government should establish itself there and should keep the buildings in perfect order: every revolutionary government seeks to prove its legitimacy by taking over and preserving the symbols of traditional power. As soon as revolutionaries lay down their guns, they pick up trowels and begin to restore national monuments.

In the nineteenth century the Tsars who, like everybody else, had read Sir Walter Scott, followed the antiquarian patriotism of the time by repairing the neglect of the eighteenth century, and by turning the Kremlin into even more of a stage set for the drama of their ancestors. Thus the ancient Tsars' private apartments became an amateurish Russian Williamsburg, the surviving monument being blurred with repaints, imported antiques and imaginative reconstructions. Recently, the excellently trained and intelligent Soviet art historians have stripped off these embarrassing additions to reveal the beauty of the ancient architecture and the somber, tender glory of the Byzantine wall paintings.

Ancient Russian architecture and decoration disconcert us by their smashing opulence, their packed outburst of complexity. Such high spirits might appeal more to Turks and Syrians than to Frenchmen and Englishmen, just as the Russians themselves seem to be more relaxed and deft when dealing with the East than with the West. To understand Russian art we must penetrate a tradition very different from ours, one that took over the leadership of Greek orthodoxy when Byzantium fell, and therefore could throw itself into the Greek Revival, in about 1800, more totally than we, who inherit Greece only at second hand. And during the Middle Ages, the Tartar Golden Horde had turned Russia toward the nomad art of bright color and scattered pattern, thus shutting the country off from the experience of Gothic architecture, which taught the West of Europe that a dominating vision can fuse structure and decoration into one simple flow.

Although the Kremlin is built of brick and stone, the old Russians, like the eighteenth-century Yankees, felt more at ease with wood, which their exuberance carved and turned, extended in verandas, threw up into rooms as tall as silos, and blew into onion domes, with every board painted in colors that make a Bucks County barn look drab. Some of the wooden churches remain, though nothing is left of the wooden palaces, one of which had 3,000 windows. Yet if the old Russians had not had their fling with wood, they never could have used brick and stone with that captivating madness which stops us in our tracks with admiration when Mr. Duncan photographs it in the eerie arctic light.

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THROUGHOUT May the Chalette Gallery is exhibiting a collection of Constructivist painting. This show covers the history of Constructivism from the pioneers — Malevich, Kandinsky, Van Doesburg, Vantongerloo, Mondrian, Lissitsky, etc.—to the present; the youngest are Agam and Ris, both of whom were born in 1928. But why not Rheinhardt, Bolotowsky and Xceron? When it closes in New York, the exhibition will travel around the country; according to such part of the schedule as has been settled, it will be in the Cincinnati museum from July 1 to October, at the Chicago Arts Club in November and December, and from January 15 at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

The catalogue of the exhibition begins with a quotation from Appolinaire: "But it may be said that geometry is to the plastic arts what grammar is to the art of the writer." This is followed by a preface written by Michel Seuphor, one of the fifty-one exhibitors, notable for an angry denunciation

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of the "vogue of informal, lyrical, eruptive painting. . . . Thus the surrealist menace of the twenties reappears in another form. . . . For ten years we have witnessed this release of torrents of mud and of intestinal matter in which remains of viscera, a whole viscous mass in the process of decomposition, can sometimes be made out." Against this visceral matter, produced by a "failure of adaptation to the environment created by the century," Seuphor opposes "a return to simple rules, to the limitation of means, to a certain deliberate poverty" where "cold reason, the most arid calculation, will suit art's purpose perfectly. . . . I see a return to rigor . . . the artist's personality expressing itself in spite of it, and almost in spite of himself." "I believe that it is . . . much more difficult to make an abstract painting than a successful figurative painting."

ALMOST all the paintings are geometrical; that is, the shapes are bounded by straight edges and arcs of circles. And the exceptions, like Arp's irregular curves or the coarse, neat textures of Kandinsky, which are not precisely geometrical, still have such sharp or contrasty definitions of shape that they count as artificial instead of natural, as isolated instead of part of an ambience, and therefore they belong to an ideal world of mathematics, and not to an empirical world. Albers and Vasarely believe that modern techniques make it possible and desirable that a work of art be no longer unique, but can and should be ultimately machine-made and indefinitely reproducible. And so these abstractionists take science as the precedent for their art—or at least engineering. They do not make the distinction between science and art that has been expressed very clearly by Suzanne Langer in her essay "Abstraction in Art and Abstraction in Science": that artistic abstraction is unique and scientific abstraction is general.

In some paintings of this school, notably Albers' (though not in this show), and Agam's "kinetic" paintings, with their fluted bases covered with triangular vertical ridges that make the underlying pattern of ellipses shift as you pass —in these paintings there is the pleasure of optical illusion, as if expressing a rebellion against the self-imposed discipline. By teasing the spectator, the painter gets his revenge against his own negativism. The colors remain in the memory as red, white and blue, with some black, and less yellow and green. The exhibition resembles a congress of flags. All the color is even, washable, neat. And still, in spite of the austerity of each painting, the total effect of this display of the flags of personality is more rich and various than an average "abstract-expressionist" exhibition, where, though a single painting has more variety, a whole show presents a monotony as of the sea. Here sharpness clarifies personal difference.

Even without the ferocity of the manifesto, these paintings express a ferocity only secondarily directed against the spectator. It is first of all directed by the artist against himself. But the spectator, whose tendency is empathically to identify with any work of art, will feel this tightness in himself.

IT IS the pretension of the Constructivist that he sees more profoundly than another artist: he sees below appearance. He believes he is closer to reality. Reality is geometry. Constructivism implies the comment about realistic art that it is not real enough; about Impressionism that it is too feminine, too concerned with subtleties; and about Cubism, that it is not pure enough. Insofar as the Constructivist sees the reality below the surface in a Platonic way he adheres to the traditional view that spirit and intellect are higher than materiality, and that the aim of civilization is the development of a disembodied intellect. This requires sublimation, which in turn requires repression. The repression is the origin of the rigidity of line and immaculateness of surface. The firm lines, the colors that are not colors seen, but colors intellectually understood, the general quality that any Constructivist painting can be reproduced, and even completely explained verbally, devalues the bodily life of the sensations. The painting substitutes a new life of sensation based on the world of sublimated art. And finally, repression exists as a method whereby one adapts oneself to worldly and external reality. What Seuphor denounces is the disorderly world of the body. What he believes in is "adaptation to the environment created by the century": he believes that what exists most truly now, the reality underlying present appearance, contains the moral imperative to adjust. "Poverty, coldness, aridity" are all his words; the poverty, coldness and aridity of the state of soul of a person who suppresses his instincts. And the rigor is justified by his belief that it is "more difficult to make an abstract painting than a successful figurative painting," because in the former case you fight your instincts instead of using them. Value is measured by the artist's suffering.

All this sounds very negative. What

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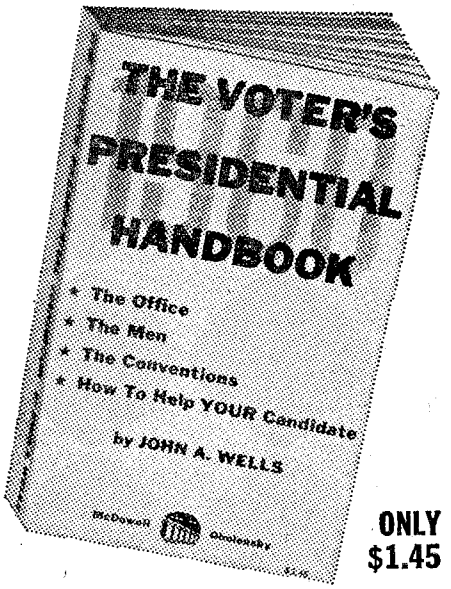

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do these paintings have? For they do have something, or one would not bother to look at them. For one thing, the artist's personality expresses itself in spite of the rigor, "through the meshes of a discipline that he imposes on himself." For instance, there is a great deal of difference between the personality of a painting by Mondrian, in which a rectangle of yellow is carefully and exactly banished to the edge of the canvas by a central square of blankness, and a painting by Nicholson, with its weak friendliness, also expressed in rectangles. Or between Vantongerloo's few horizontal bars, so ingeniously and spaciously extending the width of the canvas, and Malevich's flashy scatter of quadrilaterals. Or consider the delicacy and precise lyricism of Sophie Taeuber-Arp's rhythmical arrangement.

THERE is truth in the observation that this painting is "Communist." The combination of radicalism with a disciplining of the individual, the desire for absolute order, the polemics associated with the movement, the simplification of problems to black and white, or to colors as invariable counters abstracted from actual sensation, in the way that Marx abstracted capitalism from the machinations of individuals in the market—all this is like Communist abstraction of the idea from the particular. And the three countries where Constructivism counted most were the three countries where Marxist ideas had the most intense life in the decade following the First World War: the Netherlands of Pannekoek, the Germany of Rosa Luxembourg and the Russia of Trotsky. Seuphor's preface even has a Trotskyist literary style.

The limitation of this painting is, in addition, the limitation of painting that is not primarily a painter's painting (the painter in Mondrian was repressed almost out of existence) but rather an engineer's or architect's or industrial designer's painting. Man is pushed away—insofar as he will not adapt to the machine—as he is pushed away from a hallway by Gropius, where one expects to see ball bearings roll, but where people have only a statistical life, and clothes are like mechanical constrictions. And though this painting comes out of radicalism and revolt, it is in the anomalous position of so much modern architecture and Marxism-in-practice. Architects, Constructivist painters and Marxists all base their activity on an awareness of a condition in building, art and social relationships, where the dead hand of the past is an obstacle to the fullest expression of human possibilities. But in practice, they do not think of changing the environment to suit men, but want to fit man to their vision of the essential nature of the environment. They believe their more profound understanding entitles them to a position of leadership. But they assume only positive values for the technical revolution; they admire the mechanical world and the sublimated life of cities, of which they fancy themselves in more efficient control, and the dead hand of the past symbolizes, finally, only personal rivalries. It does not symbolize a basic maladjustment of things to people, but of people to things, which they believe they could adjust better than the academies or the capitalists have done. These three are alike: the practical Marxist who is less indignant at the inequities of capitalism than at the successes of capitalists; the modern architect whose contribution to the problems of planning is a new whimsicality and whose skyscraper thickens the traffic congestion; and the Constructivist painter who elevates his secular suffering above the spectator's pleasure in sensuality.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IF THE American Ballet Theatre's sad little three-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House proved anything, it was that the company, in its year and a half of inactivity, has fallen into such aesthetic tatters that no miracle on heaven or earth could stitch it back together in less than two years of hard, well-directed labor. There is real tragedy in this situation. No one watching the valiant attempts of this group of beautiful and gifted dancers (many of whom had never before danced together) to weld themselves into a company in a bare few weeks could have failed to sympathize with them—and to protest the circumstances which led them into such an undignified dead end, and allowed them to be so exploited.

A repellent quality of cynicism and ignorance is also involved. Our government has never had any interest in the arts. When a ballet company or a symphony orchestra has gone on the rocks for lack of money, federal, state and municipal governments have held hands off. Assistance to the arts, it has always been said, would be undemocratic: it undermines freedom.

In recent years, however, a new idea has glimmered in Washington: art can be a useful commodity—as propaganda. This was not original with our administrators; they stole it from the Russians. But it brought into existence "The President's Special Program for Cultural Presentation," under the administration of the American National Theatre and Academy (ANTA). Through this program, we have sent various artists and troupes of artists abroad to represent us. Sometimes they have been our best; sometimes they have not.

We have never been so disgracefully misrepresented as we are in this instance. As I write, the American Ballet Theatre is in Portugal, beginning a six-month tour which will end with eight weeks in the Soviet Union. Perhaps some friendly parts of Europe will remember that our best ballet does not really look like this. But to send this company to the Soviet Union, where dance has been lovingly nurtured with government money for two centuries, where the ballet tradition is held up with high seriousness and pride—to send this disfigured image of ourselves to that country is unthinkable.

There would be no point is asking the President what he had in mind when he instituted "The President's Special Program for Cultural Presentation." He has probably never heard of it. But we deserve an explanation from the ANTA administrators as to just what the thought they were doing when they d cided to bring the American Ballet Theatre out of limbo and send it, still

Habit of Years

Pointillist, the morning:
We lay late in our
Habit of years, slowly—
Hands, eyes—waking warm,
And watched the sun mount, coming
Over pillared poplars' tall brass
Thrust to new sky
Where in the windowed morning
Everything stood aged, strong—
Grass tough with fall;
Darkly flaming, the maturer flowers of fall
Lolling against stiff air:
Everything burning in a
Spiral of returning up
To the whirling suck of the sun,
Yet so close, so still; so slowly.
Then we found—
Wind-flung through the open door—
By the bedside a drift of leaves
Night-minted while we slept:
So smooth to the bare foot
As not to seem out of place
On the floor of our room.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

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wet, to Europe and the Soviet Union. We deserve, also, that they should halt this travesty before it goes any further.

Among the drearier performances I witnessed was *Dialogues,* choreographed by Herbert Ross to the music of Leonard Bernstein's *Serenade for violin solo, strings and percussion.* It was as complete a mishmash as I have ever seen on a ballet stage. What it was supposed to mean, I have no idea, and from what I have read of my colleagues' observations, they don't either. Notes scribbled on my program read: "embarrassing corn"; "leave it at home." The printed notes said that it was based on Plato's *Symposium.* (Mr. Ross, by the way, and his prima-ballerina wife, Nora Kaye, are forming their own ballet company, to be called "Ballets of Two Worlds." Miss Kaye severed her twenty-year relationship with the American Ballet Theatre as of the final New York performance.)

Miss Julie, a strong work by the Swedish choreographer, Birgit Cullberg, was one of the few ballets that approached a satisfactory level of performance. Erik Bruhn, of the Royal Danish Ballet, gave a sensual, dart-like impersonation of Jean, the butler. Sallie Wilson, as Kristine, the cook, was nicely bucolic. The title role was somewhat lightened by Claude Bessy, though her performance was not without telling moments.

Anton Dolin's little conceit, *Pas de Quatre,* I found amusing, though it was distinctly overlong, slack and shoddy on the edges of performance. *Fancy Free,* a Jerome Robbins-Leonard Bernstein ballet that used to be delightful, looked simply tired and gross. The World War II sailors in this version had thickened in the waistlines and heavied on their feet. *The Combat,* a William Dollar ballet I have always detested, was well enough danced by Lupe Serrano, one of the company's brighter lights. Antony Tudor's *Jardin aux Lilas,* despite the fact that Miss Kaye, Mr. Bruhn and Miss Serrano held it together, displayed little of the poignancy that is its primary quality. *Lady from the Sea,* a Birgit Cullberg opus based on Ibsen, was distinctly inferior to her *Miss Julie,* lacking both the originality of movement and pungency of characterization. And so it went.

THIS whole affair of the American Ballet Theatre's sponsorship by ANTA will have repercussions, and I hope they will go beyond ANTA's misjudgment and to the heart of the matter: the American government's position vis-à-vis the arts. I see nothing wrong with using artists as implements of propaganda, to the extent that any first-rate artist can lend prestige to his country simply by existing, and by showing himself abroad. But the picture of an anti-artistic government using its talented citizens without giving them any meaningful support, without even exerting proper discrimination in its exploitative choice, offends me beyond description. When we need an atomic submarine, we are taxed, and Washington pays for the scientific talents needed for its creation. If our government wants to show off the American Ballet Theatre as the apex of American ballet art, let it sustain the company and make it into the first-rate ensemble it could be. *Then* let it represent us.

I realize that if the government were to support one company, a clamor would arise from every corner for a similar application of largesse. Splendid! Support them all! Since Washington wants art for propaganda, let it nurture art and pay for it. Then, at least, hypocrisy and exploitation will be removed from the relationship. Then, dedicated and infinitely valuable artists like those in the American Ballet Theatre will not have to choose between starvation, jobs in restaurant kitchens, or the species of maltreatment they are now undergoing.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

OUR INSTRUCTORS, in a spectrum as wide as from E. M. Forster to Mickey Spillane, have taught us that there is a connection between violence and sex. Automobile wrecks are aphrodisiac and gunfire will speed some people to bed. That, too, is the motif underlying *Hiroshima, Mon Amour.*

At first it does not seem so, and I think it may be held against the picture that it leads us deliberately down the wrong path. The film opens with a close-up of two nude bodies entwined. The woman's voice keeps repeating, in French, "I have seen everything in Hiroshima"; and the man's keeps answering, in French with a strong accept, "You have seen nothing in Hiroshima." Meanwhile the shots of their intimacy, rendered almost reptilian by the extreme close range, are repeatedly broken by details of the most appalling horror taken from the documentary records of the first atomic city. The picture, it seems, is to be a plea for life, set in the spot that has become the world symbol for absolute death.

Eventually, the camera moves back a little from the bed and we learn that

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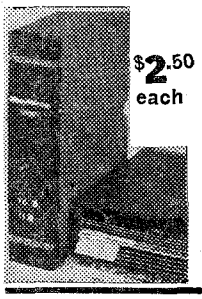

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the woman (Emmanuelle Riva) is a French actress engaged in playing a nurse in an international peace film and that the man (Eiji Okada) is a young Japanese architect whom she met the previous evening. There follow scenes of the film company on location in one corner of the city; parades of protests have been staged for the cameras of the international company and extras made up as victims of radiation are much in evidence. It is clear that *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* will somehow tell us that we should embrace one another in love and joy and renounce our powers of ultimate destruction.

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But it does not work out so. The actress, her portion of the film completed, is supposed to leave at once for Europe. Instead, she goes to the home of her new friend and, amidst further paroxysms of passion, begins to show signs of emotional stress. Then begins a conversation— more accurately a monologue—that goes on for dream-intangible hours and carries the couple in trance for miles through the apparently empty city. It comes out that the woman's first lover had been a German soldier in Nevers during the war. Partisans had killed him on the last day; they had dragged her from his bleeding body and shaved her head. She had gone quite mad and her parents, turned brutal by shame, had hidden her in a cellar.

Eventually she recovered, sneaked off to Paris in the night and there, apparently, achieved success as an actress and contracted a happy marriage. (The architect is also happily married—his wife is away on holiday.) One gathers, however, that her emotions have been arrested—until now when, in a city torn by the most extreme lesions of war, she meets a man about whose race, background, experience, language, even name she knows nothing, and the past returns for her.

THE re-enactment and recollection of her first love presumably have a therapeutic effect. A torrent of emotion bursts from dykes vigilantly guarded for fifteen years, and at the end we are entitled to suppose—the picture has become increasingly dream-like—that she will return to Paris in a far healthier state. We forget everything, she says. "I am forgetting you, just as I have forgotten my first love, just as men everywhere have forgotten Hiroshima." There is a bleak solace in this not entirely novel, or entirely accurate, insight.

The audience, meanwhile, has endured the atrocities of Hiroshima and waited patiently for an hour or so to discover what they are supposed to feel. I never did find out. As a story of individual lives the picture thwarts me because it is too fragmentary: what is the truth behind this woman's legend of herself? I see no reason to believe that she tells, or knows, the truth. In the case of the man, nothing emerges except that he takes a masochistic pleasure in being identified with the dead lover. As a story of war's holocaust, the picture cannot overcome the disparity between the mass torments of Hiroshima and the heroine's individual hurt. The very fact that she seems to see the city as symbolic of what happened to her makes the equation only more grotesque. She was bereaved and punishment was heaped on her bereavement—that is clearly moving, but a world war is not required to give it focus.

The director, Alain Resnais, says: "*Hiroshima, Mon Amour* is based on memories. . . . The schism arises because we have the obligation and the will to remember . . . but in order to live we must forget." This may be an inept translation, or it may be what it seems to be—a rather lofty way of saying nothing very remarkable. The picture strikes me as a rather sensational treatment of some only partly-digested psychological commonplaces.

TOSHIRO MIFUNE, who carries the title role in *The Rikisha Man,* is remembered here with awe as the bandit in *Rashomon.* Mifune is a man who explodes a part—he eats like a tiger, roars like a baboon, flings his assailants about like a demented laundry man sorting wash, and expresses contrition with an abasement that suggests acute melancholia. As an actor he is perhaps a little flamboyant, but as an athlete he is a one-man gymkhana.

The present film is baffling—not difficult but offering no clue as to why director Hiroshi Inagaki should think the times apt to the moral treacle of Warwick Deeping. When the picture opens, the rikisha man, having just broken up a theatre because it would not give him a pass, befriends a dear little tyke of a boy who has been knocked down by his chums. This leads to patronizing friendship from the parents, a young officer (the time is the Russo-Japanese war) and his gentle wife. The officer then gets his feet wet and dies, and the mother is left to raise her anemic chick. Always in the background, always sweaty and selfless, our hero plays foster father to such good effect that the boy matures into a university student of outstanding priggishness. At this point the rikisha man, who has been asked not to show so much familiarity toward his protégé, discovers in himself an autumnal physical yearning for the mother. Stricken by the beastliness of such a sentiment, he takes to drink and dies in a snowbank.

There are a couple of good, extrovert scenes: one in which the rikisha man, employing the curious floating lope of his trade, outruns a group of schoolboy athletes; one in which he plays virtuoso changes on an enormous drum. But the tone of neo-Victorian dampness washes the picture right off the screen.

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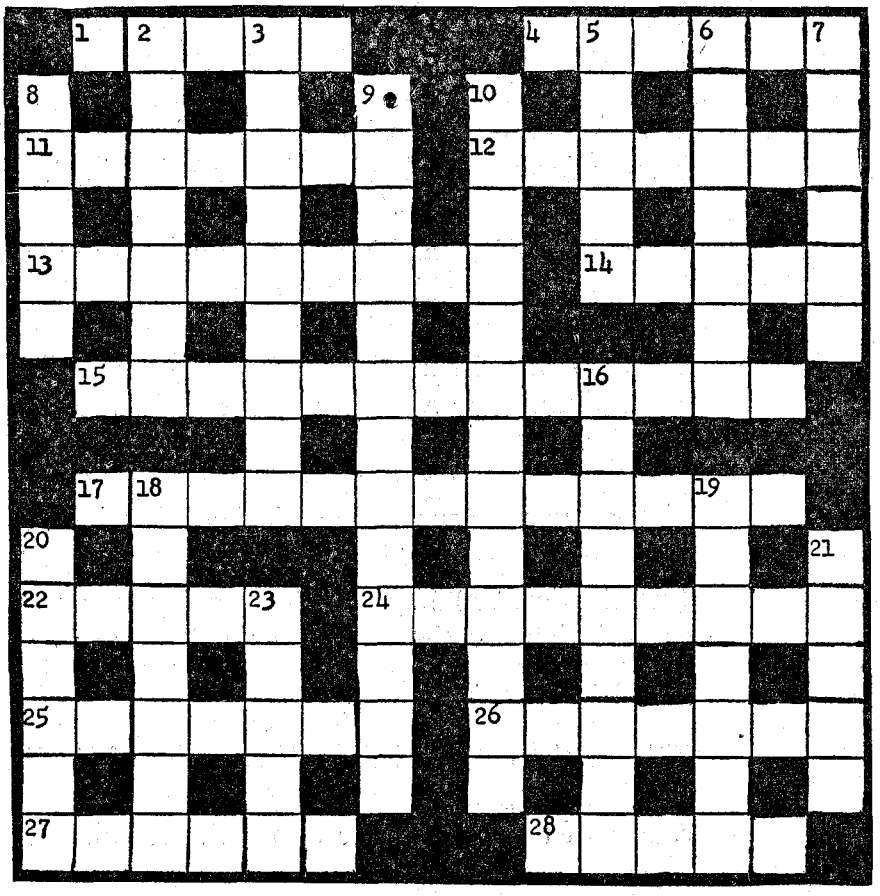
Crossword Puzzle No. 869

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A radiant look right opposite the middle! (5)
4 Being stupid is somewhat more than right. (6)
11 One should abhor money, since this holds an influence on activity. (7)
12 It's not a bad social position, nevertheless! (7)
13 The way some Rough Riders served in the brush? (9)
14 Cooper's works might be bound so. (5)
15 Comical spot in what shouldn't set in with the well. (13)
17 The first ingredients of feminine construction. (5, 3, 5)
22 Do the short form? (It means the same thing.) (5)
24 A time in an otherwise dull condition? (9)
25 It would be awkward walking with only one cheese! (7)
26 In the last icicle, one is reminded of something spring-like. (7)
27 A minister went ahead and got confused, evidently. (6)
28 See 2 down

DOWN:

2 and 28 Pierced to shreds, but the cause was evidently dull. (5, 2, 5)
3 Unsubstantiated stories, but they made Cora happy. (9)
5 See 23 down
6 Thurber's was in the garden. (7)
7 Sterne character of dramatic importance. (6)
8 Still admonition is made with difficulty in the 13. (5)
9 Tens and hundreds, according to the bills, of Quakers and such. (13)
10 It's the custom to turn over a card with the man who gives it to you, since he probably has a lot. (4, 3, 6)
16 The heart of 15 that is about to show a connection. (9)
18 Rookies might be found under it. (7)
19 Hire the weather man on television, perhaps. (7)
20 Verses on a foolish person getting up town? (6)
21 This fruit might be inexpensive. (5)
23 and 5 A novel place to look for shells, since none was left here. (2, 3, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 868

ACROSS: 1 Knottiness; 10 Iranian; 11 Cartons; 12 Hail; 13 Digression; 15 Omnibus; 16 Silesia; 17 Teutons; 20 Parting; 22 Effervesce; 23 Ache; 25 Anoints; 26 Ascribe; 27 Hike; 28 Endearment. DOWN: 1 Knight of the Bath; 2 Ovation; 3 and 6 Tailwind; 4 Nuncios; 5 Secures; 7 Ironies; 8 Disentanglement; 9 Wrestlers; 14 Abhorrent; 18 Unfrock; 19 Stepson; 20 Package; 21 Incline; 24 Scar.

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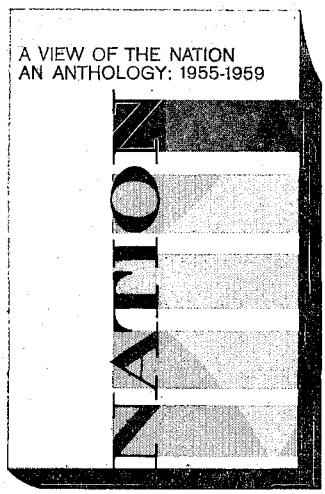

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